

THE ROLL OVER

(You're on your back)

Simplicity

Insipidity

Putridity

By SHIMMY STINCHBRUSH

THE other day Herbert Hoover came to town. Herbert and I are old friends; that is, I know him but he doesn't know me. You see, I have long been an admirer of his. I helped him win the war by not eating sugar on my eggs or bacon. I remember now as though it were yesterday.

I HAD gone several days without any sugar, and was quite satisfied to do so, for wasn't I winning the war for Herbie? (Food will win the war.) I was sitting in the old Tivoli swinging my skinny tanned legs to and fro enjoying the moving picture of the hour. They flashed a news reel on the screen. There was Herbert Hoover in his high collar and evening clothes speaking at a banquet for the aid of the Belgians. AND among the dishes on the table in front of him was a heaping sugar bowl!

I REMEMBER now as though it were yesterday how my little child-eyes filled with blind tears, and the picture before me swam in a salty film that distorted the smile on Hoover's smug—no, I mean mug. But then he could do what he wanted with my sugar, and the more I thought of it, the more my child-wrath cooled and soon everything was OK again—for wasn't the sugar that I had saved for Herbie being seen all over the country in that sugar bowl in Herbie's picture?

THE other day I was walking down Market street and I had a very interesting experience. There were hundreds of people rushing to their homes after a day's hard work. Hundreds of others were hurrying home after a day's hard work looking for a job. I sidled up to a friend of mine and slapped him on the back lustily, prepared to renew an old acquaintance. My first premonition that everything was not well was when I saw his dental plate go sailing into the gutter as a result of my back-slapping. My friend had never had a dental plate . . . in fact, this wasn't my friend. So I just nonchalantly walked into the corner gutter drain pipe until the bad man went away.

ANOTHER day while I was walking down Market street a man stopped me and muttered, "Kin I have dime fora cuppa coffee?" I was shocked. I raced right over to the City Hall, ran right into the mayor's office and said, "Now, Angelo, I am a good, law-abiding citizen of the Potrero District, and I paid my rightful fee to the Community Chest." At this point I set my face in a deep frown. "Why must I be panhandled on Market street?"

The mayor was obviously nonplussed, but finally he answered, "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Shimmy, maybe I can straighten things a little at the supervisor's meeting this afternoon."

A Little Birdie Told Me: People will never be bothered by panhandlers again as long as "Shimmy is on the job."

A Little Bird Told Me: Nothing is as insipid as a little bird telling people things that everybody already knows.

A Little Bird Told Me: Fifty dozen newspaper columns in fifty different cities have the name of "The Once Over," in fact, that's the first name that suggests itself.

FUM-i-GATER

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1932

EXECUTIVE BOARD WANTS NEW DEAL

Several Classes Will Be Dropped Due To Disorder

New Plan Is Suggested by English Professor After Lengthy Thorough Study

Madame Mary L. (better late than never) Kleineke has a new plan for controlling the unusual disorder and disinterest prevalent in local classrooms. She has decided that the best method of doing away with class disturbances (or at least a large part of them) is to do away with the classes (or at least a large part of them). She arrived at her decision after a lengthy and continued experiment.

Her claims of discovery, however, are rudely challenged by Dr. E. T. (punctuality) Arneson, who asserts that he made an identical discovery some time ago. As proof of his priority the Doctor refers any doubters to classes he has thrived during the last three years. He states that by arriving twenty or thirty minutes late and by keeping the class ten or twenty minutes overtime he is able to command the entire attention of the little girls in the first five rows, and as he playfully remarks, "Who cares about the rest of them?"

Dull Stupor Awakened

But the most startling announcement, in this regard, has been made by Dean Du Four. In a manifesto manner, he has awakened students out of their dull stupor by the blast of stupendous thought. Studying in his classes will hereafter be abolished. In commenting upon this significant step, the dean has issued the following statement:

"In an endeavor to ascertain the truth, the whole truth, concerning student indifference, student discontent and student disorder in the classroom, the extent of my research has been arduous and intensive. Imagine my embarrassment to learn that the reaction of the student has been due to the lackadaisical attitude of the instructors and the lateness of instructors to their classes. To add insult to injury, the faculty have attempted to encourage diligent memorization and copy work, but with no success. Guided by the principle that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' my resolution (Form 999) to abolish studying has been arrived at by a seductive process. All student indignation aroused by this action on my part will be relegated to Winchell's wastebasket.

Harsh Means

"To strictly enforce this drastic measure, harsh means will be employed. All students entering the classroom will be immediately disarmed—pens, notebooks, and texts will be taken from them. These will be sold to the Fillmore merchants and proceeds will go toward the purchase of hot dogs, radios, and college humor."

Dr. Roberts, in keeping with the wisdom of this move, has resigned in favor of the Marx Brothers, who will render their service gratis.

Great Minds To Solve Sex

Sphinx Intellectuals Will Wallow in Love

Indicating that sufficient numbers of the sophisticated Sphinx constituency had succeeded in training their faces to simulate deep thought, Pollyana Kirwan (aw, just call me Polly), erudite campus queen and politician, announced that a new series of profound discussions were planned. The discussions, entirely beyond the comprehension of ordinary students, will undoubtedly stimulate these superior minds to greater activity and result in many remarkable discoveries.

Dr. Arneson, faculty sponsor, explained the new series in a short statement made public today. Sphinx Club never does things half way. Miss Kirwan and I (or should I say, I and Miss Kirwan) believe that a portion of the necessary education has been overlooked at State. Therefore we will stress this phase of learning during the months to come.

"We have discovered most of these topics during recent discussions on Trial and Companionate Marriage. You understand, of course, that these studies are purely educational."

The tentative list furnished by the head Sphinx includes:

Student Love Life.
Courtship and College.
Sex and What It Means to Me.
Does Virtue Pay?
Double Livers.
Gutters and Gals.

LOVE IS BLIND DEAF AND DUMB

There is Angel Island, Goat Island, Alcatraz Island, Mare Island, Coney Island, and Thousand Islands but ours is a saga of traffic island.

Romance is easy when two people who are "that way" about each other are alone on a desert island. Next best to an actual desert island, some people wax romantic on mental desert islands of their own concoction. However, State wins the cast iron razor blade for the world's most oblivious lovers, none other than Anne Frisbie and Norbert Nichols who are so wrapped up in each other that they can be romantic on a "traffic island" at Market and Laguna streets.

Totally unmindful of the whirl and noise of life going by, this inimitable pair gaze into each other's eyes and murmur, "Oh, Anne—" "Ah, Norbert."

WATCH CLEANING FREE

With Repairs of \$1.50 and Over

I. N. JENSEN

All Work Guaranteed

Reasonable Prices

2114 Market Street Near Church

Teaser



Dean Mary A. Ward is upset over tea problem

Mary Ward 'To Tea or Not To Tea,' Cries

Pink Teas Badly Scalded At Hot Tea Session; Teas Panned at State

Yesterday the yellow room (pub office) of College Hall was the sight of a frightful pink tea (pardon us, it was black tea).

The purpose of the tea was the discussion of the tea problem and several motions were made over the tea cup.

Those who favored the retention of tea parties scored heavily when they pointed out that the Boston Tea Party had gone down in history as a major stroke in winning our independence.

Disapprovals Arise

The opposition retorted with the subtle sally that the tea was ineffectual until dumped overboard as all tea parties at State should be.

The atmosphere was tense. Growls of disapproval were heard from those who were strong for tea.

Don't tease, said Dean Mary Ward, you all know that you like your tea. Will you have lemon or sugar?

Olivier Comments

Far be it from me to become a disturbing element, said Howard Olivier, but I feel that the reputation of dear old State is at stake. Dean Ward, do you realize that our co-eds are tea-mad, tea-crazy, and tea-foolish? They are drinking themselves to death, I tell you. Every time the name tea is mentioned I turn green, not with envy, but with tea.

Girls! girls! said Joan Sheehan, president of Nyoda Club. I just remembered that we are giving a benefit tea for the Home for Deaf-mutes Teachers.

That is beside the point, said Dean Ward. To tea or not to tea, that is the question.

(Continued Col. 3, Page 2)

Pryor Scores Roberts and Staff As Reactionary Group Incapable Of Directing Student Activities

Obsolete State Program Revised By Progressives

State Instructors Go Hay- wire in Planning Spicy Courses for Collegians.

Two new courses of great value to freshmen are being added to the curricula for spring. A. P. 53, An Introduction to Ancient, Medieval and Modern Apple Polishing, will be given for the first time by State's versatile leader in this field, Miss Alice Heim. K. A. 99, Methods and Practices in Grade Raising, will also be given by one most competent and experienced in the field, Dr. Daniel Comstock Baker, K. A., A. P., D. F.

Miss Holmes' Psychology class will take up the study of the "forgotten man." As Miss Holmes is eagerly looking for him now, no classes will be held till he is recovered.

Feeling that math has had too little practical application, Mr. Boulware wishes to announce that his course will be one of contract bridge and counting sheep.

The Biology addition will concern the "love life of the frog," its problems and disappointments.

A subcollegiate course in humor will be given for all who laugh aloud in Dr. Butler's course.

Some entrance examination questions will be given: Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Why does a chicken cross the road?

We feel that with such a well-rounded curricula that present needs will be met and future roll-taking will be unnecessary.

Miss Heim and Doctor Baker are both products of San Francisco State and are therefore qualified to instruct local aspirants. They are considered authorities in their fields.

Miss Heim, you will remember, made a name for herself by garnering 84 units of A's without cracking a book, while Dr. Baker hasn't, as yet, learned to read.

Social Activity Committee Revise Curricula

Dr. Arneson's Renaissance course has been changed to Romantic love. As visual education has always been advocated, the doctor will practice what he preaches. Rates will be given according to number of students who sign up.

Miss Carter's Education 130 revised to how to be happy though teaching.

To encourage social relations, Miss Munroe's Sociology course will have all night meetings at class members' homes.

Miss Reid's nature study session will now be entitled "Nature in the Raw." Dick Curtis, because of his splendid performance in "Electra," has been selected to give demonstrations.

Executive Board Issues Dire Ultimatum After Deans Move to Limit Action

ROBERTS DENIES BREAK

Disagreement May Result In Student Dictatorship if Administration Wont Act

In spite of consistent denials from the offices of the administration, Donald Pryor today confirmed reports of a break between the Executive Board and the Board of Deans. Pryor explains the break as the reaction to an unprecedented movement on the part of the deans and President Roberts to interfere with student affairs. "We," states Pryor, "as the representatives of the student body, have endeavored, and are endeavoring, to regulate student activities, protect the morals and secure the utmost in beneficial studies and extra-curricular activities for those we represent. The administration, however, has seen fit to interfere with our moral endeavors and restrict our powers until we feel incapable of executing our duties. We have been deprived, first, of our rights as lawmakers; secondly, of our rights as law enforcers; and, finally, of our rights as censors. In view of these facts we can see only one of two possible solutions. Either the administration must withdraw its restrictions or we will be forced to demand its resignation."

Overthrow Administration

Pryor's plaintive statement is seen in local educational circles as a direct move to overthrow the present administrative set-up and install a student dictatorship with the powerful Pryor at its head. No definite statements were obtained from Pryor regarding the likelihood of such a move, but close friends point to his record and personality, tracing his striking similarity to Mussolini in action, attitude and appearance, as an indication of the logic behind such a move. The public-minded leader, however, refuses to recognize the personal issue. "My likes, desires and possible benefits have nothing to do with the question. My time, my thoughts and my entire efforts are directed towards aiding the mass of students as a group and individually. I refuse to recognize personality in this issue."

"Boys Will Be Boys"

Dr. Roberts refused to comment on the matter other than to remark that "Boys will be boys. They mean well, but we who are planning the future of the college must look to the thousands who will follow your small group. And besides, the Executive Board is still allowed the privilege of censoring posters, approving charters, and spending several thousand dollars. I think that everything will work out all right."

H. E. Bradley

BARBER

Specialty:
Women's and Children's Haircutting
Shampoos 50c Scalp Treatments 75c**ROMA
Shoe Repair Shop**

A. JULIANO, Prop.

2207 Market Street Near Sanchez St.

Phone Market 9101

SPECIAL LUNCHEON - 35c
SPECIAL DINNER - 50c**FRANKLIN GRILL**

14 Private Booths

PLATE LUNCHEON - 25c

538 HAIGHT STREET
Near Fillmore San Francisco**SCHOOL
SUPPLIES**

Store for 30 Years

157 FILLMORE ST.

Mrs. J. Heath

Permanent Waves, Ringlet Ends, \$2.50 Complete and Up
For a Limited Time OnlyLoris Permanent Lash and Brow Colour - \$1.00
ARCADIA BEAUTY STUDIO
254 FILLMORE STREET**"PURE WATER FRESH DAILY"**
Phone Market 8586**Water Filters
Consolidated**Duplex Water Percolators, "Always-Cool,"
"Everclear" and Pasteur Filters.
Automatic and Pressure Filters

1806 MARKET STREET

**States
Hof Bräu
RESTAURANT**
MARKET AT 4th SAN FRANCISCO

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Mark Hopkins

AND

Fairmont Hotel

NOB HILL

San Francisco

Geo. D. Smith
Managing Director**TEA BREWING AND TEA
SIPPING COMBAT NOW A
VERY SERIOUS MATTER**

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

The Parent-Faculty delegate to the Tea Convention spoke up. "Our club has passed a resolution asking that Miss Hussy grant permission for us to use the mimeograph room as a tea salon for our next meeting."

We will have to see Miss Hussy about that, said Dean Ward, but I am certain that the arrangement can be made in view of the worthiness of the cause.

New Course Planned

Next in line came the recommendation of the faculty committee that a new course entitled "tea brewing and tea sipping" be added to the curricula.

Following these speakers, reports of the tea committee were heard and dates set aside for future teas. The report of the tea sub-committee was read and approved and plans made for a tea-time discussion of the ways and means of abolishing teas were made.

ROSE'SChicken Tamales
Enchiladas

421 Haight Street

**PAY A
VISIT
TO THE****Barbaro Sport Shop**

401 MARKET STREET

You Will See Just What
You Want In
Riding Equipment
Athletic Goods
Gents' Furnishings
Leather Blazers and Coats**A MOTHER'S WARNING
TO HER SON**

God hope that you shall never be—

A student of S. F. T. C.,

A student who must weekly see

The propagations of the 'Gater

Carefully "koshered" by its mater,

A mater who doth pray each day

To her God—the N. S. P. A.;

And hopes with fervor unabating

To win for State the Honor Rating.

But in the middle of the stream

Horses change, and so her dream

Crashes to earth—disconcertingly

With unpaid bills—the only cer-

tainty.

Certain "ads" that could without

trouble

Make Gater fees as light as a bubble

Are quietly but firmly pushed to

one side,

For N. S. P. A. must be THE Sole

Guide.

No news in the paper—but it doesn't

matter—

As long as the objective is only to

flatter

The powers who might be prevailed

to decide

That the little 'Gater by the rules

doth abide.

A tax is levied and called "school

dues"

To pay for this paper with its lack

of news,

And never a murmur, never an out-

cry;

Complacently, "weakly," the paper

you MUST buy.

**★ Star
Palace
of
Sweets**Special
Hunches
with
Fountain
Surfice518
**HATE
WEIGH****TRIBUTE -- AH, YES! TO
NONE OTHER THAN OUR
OWN DOCTOR ARNESON**

An original poem—our sympathies are with and our apologies are due to the reader.

A tribute to Dr. Arneson, by his classes. Ye editor feels that, if this is anything like what Dr. Arneson must read from his classes, the paper's most profound sympathy is due him.

We love Dr. Arneson
With passionate devotion.
We drink in each word,
We follow each motion.

'Tis not his lectures,
So greatly inspired;
Nor his bee-oo-ti-ful gestures
That rouses this regard.

'Tis not by his free mind,
His swift, flashing thought;
Nor his sweet little moustache
That our fancy is caught.

'Tis not these fine things,
We're sad to relate;
We love our professor,
'Cause he's always late.

A Little Bird Told Me

Shimmy Stinchbrush would give
his right hand to be reminded that
he looks and writes like O. O. Mc-
Intyre.

A Little Bird Told Me

Blah, blah, blah, blah . . .

Phone HEMlock 4868

**"Your CREDIT Is Good If
YOU Are Good"****J. H. WILEY**The
Furniture
Man2080-98 Market Street
At 14th and Church Streets**ABOUT
TIME**

By Marie-itza Crime

The Galleries...

San Francisco is blessed with many fine galleries and San Francisco art lovers are in a center of wide variety. Take the Tivoli gallery for instance; (25c most of the time) the art work here this week is much the same as usual, except for an anonymous new work of Erotica in the men's rest room. The flowing movements of this unknown interpreter have struck a new note in modernist art.

The Story Tellers' Hour at the Capital Gallery is indeed interesting this week; some of the old favorites of our childhood are being retold with modern refurbishments. And the story of the grapefruit and the life-savers has lost none of its verve.

Among other galleries interesting as usual is the Gallerie Rouge at the Hall of Justice. Many new interpretations are to be found and here are some new angles in photographing man in his motives.

The Morgue.

The exhibits at the San Francisco Morgue this week are indeed interesting and worth visting. The interpretations are very life-like and the still-lives are very intriguing. Visit them by all means.

Book Review.

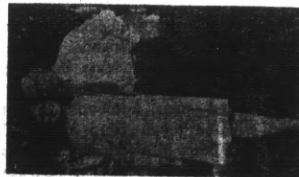
The book selected this week is the fourth edition of Merriam's Webster's Dictionary. The book is very well written, our only criticism is that the author changes the subject so often.

Old Folks' Home.

Among the interesting lectures to be given the forthcoming week is "Is Love Dead Past Sixty," by Dr. Frederick "Pipe Stem Love" Wiseman at the La Foota Old Pipples' Home.

ENGDAHL BROS.WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Paints - Wall Paper - BrushesPhone Market 5153
2178-80 Market Street, San FranciscoBooks
Blue
and
Red
Ones**YO-YOS**Recommended
by
Coach
Cox**ONE
TURKEY
FREE****With Each 5c Purchase****All Day Thursday**

General Managers

**STORE
CO-OP
STUDENTS**PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BADGES
BUTTONS

111 SEVENTH ST.

SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Market 7070

**Wat
For
Even****State
To Fri
Them****Gaters R
"Moral
West"****LOUS****All-Amer
Someth
less Be**

A startling
ment absol
from all b
performanc
day in a st
and his sta
the resultin
State offici
staffs of op
State to cla
the season.

In his stat
the cause o
losses and a
which place
champions

"Comment"
Dud de Gro
"This stat
of an excus
It was gene
out the sea
gregation
being a fo
as we could
a soccer to
however, v
Cox's claim
mainly cam
to football
nothing for
track team.

"Due to s
Cox states,
son's game
dicap. WE
schedule ca
cer games a
There were
when we fe
thing wron
opponents
the ball, a
when, once
year, one o
a mistake
when no p
tributed it
rather than
on our part

"I'll mat
anyone."
"But let's
(" "
(" "
(" "

LA
Mex
Ph
550 Haight

Photog
Cards
an
"A Gift A
Ca
Actual
Califor

250 O
Alcaza

Watch For Coming Events

Spartans' Raging

Don't Read The Ads

State Coaching Staff Rages Due To Frightful Wrong Administered Them During This Grid Season

Gaters Recently Rated as
"Moral Champions of the
West"—At's Great Stuff!

LOUSY HANDICAP

All-American Rating, or
Something, Will Doubt-
less Be Given State Stars

A startling post-season develop-
ment absolving the coaching staff
from all blame for the season's
performances was made public to-
day in a statement by Dean Cox
and his staff. The discovery and
the resulting negotiations between
State officials and the coaching
staffs of opposing schools allows
State to claim a clean record for
the season.

In his statement Cox reveals both
the cause of the team's "apparent"
losses and also the new disclosures
which place State as the moral
champions of the West.

Commenting on Cox's statement,
Dud de Groot of San Jose, wrote:
"This statement seems to be more
of an excuse than an explanation.
It was generally conceded through-
out the season that the State ag-
gregation gave no indications of
being a football team, but as far
as we could see they didn't resemble
a soccer team either. One point,
however, would seem to uphold
Cox's claims. The uniforms cer-
tainly came closer to soccer than
to football togs, but this, too, proves
nothing for it might have been a
track team."

"Due to some misunderstanding,"
Cox states, "we entered this sea-
son's games under a decided handi-
cap. WE understand that our
schedule called for a series of soc-
cer games and prepared accordingly.
There were times during the season
when we felt that there was some-
thing wrong, especially when our
opponents occasionally held on to
the ball, and never more so than
when, once or twice during the
year, one of our own players made
a mistake and held the ball. But
when no penalty was called we at-
tributed it to liberal refereeing
rather than to a misunderstanding
on our part."

"I'll match my private life with
anyone." —Frank Fenton.
"But let's forget about Saturday."
(" " " " Sunday)
(" " " " Monday)
(" " " " Fri., etc.)

LA COLONDRINA
Mexican Restaurant
Established 1922
Phone Market 2807
550 Haight Street San Francisco

Photographic Christmas
Cards of San Francisco
and California
"A Gift As Well as a Greeting"
Cards Hand Made
Actual Photographs Used
**California Photographic
Art Studios**
250 O'FARRELL STREET
Alcazar Theatre Building

W. A. A. SNOOZE
By Selma Thylvia

A secret cow session will be held
by the W. A. A. in the College
Gymnasium Friday evening, July
4. Your favorite columnist did a
little Wincheling the other night
and can promise all you gals a
downright ripping good time.
NOTE: No males allowed! We
didn't want to go to your old bull
session anyway, so there.

Due to the fact that so many
girls have received so many painful
injuries in the social dancing class,
i. e. broken toes, bruised insteps,
mangled ankles, etc., we regret to
announce that meetings will be
temporarily abandoned.

W. A. A. archers will put on a
superb exhibition of the sport of
kings on the lawn by the golf
drives from 1 a. m. to 6:45 a. m.
Sunday morning. The girls will use
as targets the hordes of cannibal
ants which infest the region.

Nick Biedof, Ted Goldman, and
Tom Bragg have been unanimously
selected as a trio to represent the
college creative dancers at a terp-
sichorean demonstration which will
be held in the near future. The ex-
act date of the performance will be
announced in a later edition of the
Fum-I-Gator.

Bye-bye for this week, dear read-
ers. Don't forget the cow session!
I'll be seeing you.—Selma.



Come and get acquainted
with the new headquarters of the Student's Co-Op.
Christmas Cards that are Different!
Durnells - 1874 Market Street
A SPECIAL: 25 Cards including name \$1.95

OPEN
EVENINGS

OPEN
EVENINGS

NEW

TO THE WORLD SPORTSMAN



Xmas Gifts

Men's Underwear

W. T. Gardner Co.

Fillmore at Geary

Inside Dope

COACH COX
SFTC

SORRY TO HEAR OF THE MISUNDERSTANDING STOP
THE GAME WE HAVE SCHEDULED WITH YOU IN JANUARY
IS BASKETBALL STOP IT IS PLAYED WITH FIVE MEN
AND A ROUND LEATHER BALL ON A WOODEN COURT
WITH IRON HOOPS AT EACH END STOP IF YOU WERE
COUNTING ON VOLLEY BALL OR WATERPOLO IT'S ALL
RIGHT STOP LET US KNOW AT ONCE.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR
FRESNO STATE TEACHERS

COACH DAVID COX

SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU WERE UNDEFEATED
(MORALLY) THIS SEASON STOP IF YOU CAN FIND ROOM
FOR US ON YOUR NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE SCHEDULE
WOULD APPRECIATE IT STOP IF OK WITH YOU WOULD
LIKE TO SUBSTITUTE GAME WITH YOU FOR OUR
TRADITIONAL BIG GAME STOP WIRE AT ONCE STOP

MORALLY YOURS

BILL INGRAM

COACH UNIVERSITY OF CALIF

A Little Bird Told Me

It should be called "The Left
Overs."

HOTEL TWIN PEAKS
2160 Market Street
Modern Rooms, Steam Heat
Hot Water
Rates \$3 and \$4 per Week

Corsages and Floral Designs
Our Specialty
Ernest Jacobsen
509 Haight Street
Phone UNDERhill 0363

UNDERhill 0327

O. G. SIEMON
Watchmaker & Jeweler
551 HAIGHT STREET
San Francisco

Phone Market 5245

FURS

Beetz Bros. and Co., Inc.
Hans B. Beetz, Fur Designer

ONE STORE

475 Haight Street, Near Fillmore
San Francisco, Calif.

When It Snows on the Roads See "Dusty"

Special rates to Staters for week-end trips to Long Barn Snow Car-
nival in huge Greyhound Bus "Spirit of S. F. State."

Transportation, Lodging, Meals, Only \$7.00

"DUSTY" RHODES

Box 1254

**Our Own
College
Caf**



Will Wipe That Blank Expression
Right Off Your Face

**Stop - Look - Smell
Then Eat**

Have You Inspected Our Kitchen?

DON'T

San Jose Chickens Out In Annual Basketball Fray--According to Cox

MEAT PLATTER
By Dull Hick

This is a story of Dull Hick, for
Dull Hick, and by Dull Hick.

"He's just an All-American Boy."

"The evil that men do lives after
them, the good is oft interred with
their bones." So it must not be
with Dull. Realizing that genius is
never appreciated until it has passed
on, I have decided to change the
trend of human events. Miles
Standish said, "If you want a
thing well done, do it yourself." Following his advice, I am going
to give myself some well-deserved
ante-mortum praise.

As a budding Fum-I-Gator col-
umnist, I injected meat into the
news and gave my public a thrill
by giving the Gaters the Gate.

As several of my by-lines were
omitted during the semester, I am
making up for lost opportunities.
Several minor columnists have had
to do without by-lines this week in
order that mine be run. This is as
it should be.

By Dull Hick
(Repeat 13 times)

"December or Not at All,"
Insists Graduate Athletic
Manager Webster Benton

According to Cox, San Jose State
and San Francisco State will not
meet on the basketball court during
the coming season. This startling
fact was revealed last week by Lee
Alderman, manager of the Golden
Gater varsity quintet.

In a letter to the basketball man-
ager of San Jose, according to Cox,
the Gaters asked to be included on
the Spartans' schedule for two
games, one on January 27 and the
other on the following evening. If
these dates were not agreeable,
others were requested, according
to Cox.

Webster J. Benton, graduate ath-
letic manager of San Jose sent the
following reply to Coach Dan
Farmer, according to Cox.

"The dates which you suggested
in your recent letter are scheduled
with Nevada, which is a Conference
member. We would be interested
in playing San Francisco State
Teachers College during the mid-
dle or latter part of December—any
mid-week morning or afternoon.
If you are interested in these dates,
I will appreciate an early reply.

(Signed) W. J. Benton.

In order for the Gaters to meet
San Jose on either of the dates
suggested by Mr. Benton, only a
weak team could be assembled by
Coach Farmer, due to vacation, ac-
cording to Cox; therefore, a con-
test with the Spartans is impos-
sible, according to Cox.

Here are a few points which, ac-
cording to Cox, prove that San
Jose is afraid of State's revamped
soccer team:

1. The Gaters trounced San Jose,
39 to 24, last season; this defeat is
still fresh in the memory of the
Spartans, according to Cox.

2. Coach Dud DeGroot is one of
the hardest losers in the bay area,
according to Cox, and to be de-
feated by a young college like San
Francisco State would be a crime,
according to Cox.

3. The Gater five is expected to
be exceptionally strong this year,
while San Jose will be represented
by a mediocre team, according to
Cox.

4. Should a game be scheduled in
December, the Spartans would not
be pitted against the full strength
of the local squad, according to
Cox.

What can be done about this situ-
ation?

**HUB
Dairy Lunch**

Let Your Stomach
Be Your Guide
We Won't

WE SERVE
Spinach, Carrots and Good
Things to Eat

Do We Serve Crabs?
SURE, SIT DOWN!

1684 Market

STAFF BOX

(Don't be silly, we
couldn't run a staff
box for this rag...)

It's All in Fun

A sense of humor—everyone feels assured they have it, yet only a few actually make practical demonstrations of it. When the *Fum-I-Gator* was first decided upon, the opinion of all concerned centered around the idea of having a REAL razz sheet this time. But how to do it without incurring the open antagonism of the certain few open to a bit of rallying? We decided to select those among us whom we could rely upon to exercise the sense of humor attributed to them, and with that idea before us, we did our best to give you a lusty, hearty, REAL razz sheet. Please be tolerant with us, we meant no harm—our object was to amuse. If we have overstepped ourselves, smile tolerantly—even indulgently, and take what we have said for its worth. If it is worth anything above absolute zero we will still be flattered.

So, the pathetic little *Fum-I-Gator* limps off the scene; it blustered and tiraded furiously, but the only object it really succeeded in ridiculing was itself. It leaves you now, possibly forever—unless we were accurate in our choice of Staters with a genuine and practical sense of humor...

...Winchelling...

The Editors are happy to announce that Dr. Roberts will speak on "The Carnegie Report."

... And there is one gal who said to us, "Oh, that Donaldson, he has such a strong cruel face—I adore men with cruel faces!"

And Thelma tells us that even as a child Freddie was hard to manage! Poor Freddie's mother—or poor Thelma?

"Oh, Napoleon," she cries. Students gaze open-mouthed finding Miss Kleinecke running down the hall after our good-looking janitor. What is the meaning of all this?

Muriel Ireland is older than her actions would indicate.

Mr. Cassidy may be an instructor by day, but he's only a cub reporter by night.

We have not yet been able to find out what this emergency fund is—which figures so prominently in our tuition. Our only explanation is that it causes an emergency in our finances.

Dorothy Bartels has found other entertainment, now that the proxy system has been abolished.

Margaret Higginson is conducting a matrimonial bureau in which Miss Kleinecke figures prominently.

Mrs. Trennam is not absolutely adverse to the society of the other sex—eh, Mr. Nee?

The Sphinx Club is going high-hat.

Don Pryor is not always a gentleman to elderly ladies.

Dot Williamson is called a big poop-a-dooer by the librarian—and this is not synonymous for cute, either.

Feeling the good health of students at stake, the cafeteria will be permanently closed.

Regular ten-cent tablets of paper selling now for twenty-five cents in the bookstore will be raised to fifty cents on account of the depression.

Ye editor wishes to compliment Mrs. Dorris on her well-rounded course in Asia. As aptly remarked by a student quote; what you don't get in the lectures, you get in the tests, unquote.

Papa Nickerson: "Young man, you couldn't even dress her!"
Mel: "Is that so? Well, it won't take me long to learn."

Pierce: "Do you want this suit with a belt in the back and a cuff on the nut?"
Stewart: "No, do you want a sock in the eye?"

LAURIE'S FARM-I-SEE

PINK PILLS FOR ALL ILLS

AND YO-YOS

Also Lunches

ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER
(Bring Your Own Straws)



If your picture appears in this ad you will
be entitled to an entire afternoon in the
"ELEVATING TEA
TEA ROOM"

Free Samples Will Be Accepted Anytime

Pot Holder

Dear Pot-Holder:

I thought the U. S. government had some law against opening one's mail. It isn't that I mind, it's just the principle of the thing. Day after day my mail is opened and censored before it reaches me and my protest is only for the protection of privacy. If Mrs. Percy Marples persists in having an interest in my mail, I'll have carbon copies sent to her.

Protestingly,

Swerdna Liag.

Having inspected the new site of the Co-op and discovering it

to be a rat infested hole-in-the-wall plus a fragrance almost resembling that of the cafeteria, we suggest that the powers that be investigate the new block of stores in Daly City as a possible location. Odiferously yours,
Daily Sitti.

Dear Pot-Holder:

I'm not regularly a crab, but this emergency fee has me guessing. I wouldn't mind if I had the money, but I haven't the money. So there. It's only the money I lack not the spirit to give it. How can I meet this emergency?
Bank Rupt.

Helles Belles



Editor's Note:

This department is inflicted on the student body by the English Department, and allegedly represents the outstanding literary creations of the students of the college. Judgment is passed by Mr. Gasidiocy, who, no doubt, built up his taste by reading exhaustively the *GIRL'S FIRESIDE COMPANION*, the *ARGOSY ALL-STORY WEEKLY*, and *Brisbane's column*. Initialed contributions are acceptable, just drop them in any ash can along College Walk.

Sea Going Hummingbirds

Ah me, would that I were a little hummingbird flitting around the sails of a ship far out at sea. The sea! See the sea! Like a great, tormented beast it squirms and foams with fretful indignation, while its great body suffers the burden of many parasites. (Editor's Note: Before the foregoing figure of speech is further complicated, let us qualify parasites—they are ships, not hummingbirds.) I, the little hummingbird, would watch men toil at winches and crawl like ants around the oily machinery—the bowels of the ship. (The Editor again: Captain, keep hummingbirds out of your engine room, they can't stand the heat; also, why have you changed your sail boat to a steam boat midocean?—please!) Night follows the day—all is quiet except for the weird whine of the ship's ventilators; and the crispy, crackly sound of the water sliced by the prow of the ship. (Se

scribe el Editor: Weird whines, ships that are corporeally unstable, hummingbirds in the engine room, flies in the soup—an excellent setting for a mystery-murder. Let us see...)

Dimly outlined through the evening haze is a figure crouched between a life boat and the fo'castle bulkhead. A shroud-like grey overcoat droops flowingly from his shoulders; periodically he convulsively stoops forward, drops his head, then suddenly straightens. The hummingbird, stimulated by an irrepressible curiosity, swoops down within eyeshot of the mysterious character—can you imagine?—he was trying to light a cigarette, and he wasn't wind broken as yet.

—Halliburton R. Hives.

My Baby Said

It was a simply grand-marvelous morning. The sun shined right up until it set, then it gradually faded in the West. Suddenly I felt sad, very sad, sad-eyed; in fact I was sad—don't you dare say I wasn't! I climbed softly onto the porch, tripped over the rocking chair, fell through the screen door, knocked over the dish cupboard, and continued in silence. Baby was asleep in the corner of the bedroom next to the linen cupboard door, three and a quarter paces from the kitchen sink. All the brass on the lower bars of baby's bed had been chewed off—the cute thing, he is cutting his teeth! Leaning close to the crib I crossed my eyes and purred, "Goo-Boo."

Baby turned over in bed, pulled back his little pink hood, and stared at me. Finally, after several minutes of well suspended and counterbalanced silence, baby shrugged his shoulders and said in a little basso, "What the Hell!"

—Nora Quickbottom.

Faker's Incinerator

HYMENDOPTERA (HAY-men-drop-that), who goes there?

ALLEZ OUP (AL-LAY-oup), so am I.

IRRELEVANT (IRE-l-rant), unholy.

PALEOLOGY (pa-le-ah-Lay-GEE), cream colored.

PAINT (pay-NT), Tangee.

PAIR (PE-air), a fruit.

INCLINE (inn-CL-inn), tendency toward intoxication.

REVEILLE (REH-ver-ILL), gin party.

FACULTY (FA-Kull-tee), very unreasoning.

PERVERSE (By-verse), creme de menthe plus charged water.

Pome

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a kiss and away he run,
But the girl sued Thomas
For breach of promise
Period, semicolon, dash, two commas.

Marble Orchardists

A tombstone is a grave question.

We Wonder

If California divorce courts are seeking to do a certain State male a favor by granting Mrs. V. Trennam's divorce?

Joke (Allegedly)

Judge—You are charged with shooting squirrels out of season.

Thelma Silvia—Your honor, I shot them in self defense.

Funny... heh?

G. Andrews is a very influential person, she has "it."

New Joke

Arneson—Who was that Saylor I seen you with last night?

Fenton—That was no Saylor, that was.....!

Famous Punks

—tuation
—tual
—kin
Dan Baker
—ture (flat tire)
—ey
Fred Wiseman Pierce Vaughn.

Phoney-isms

IN THE MODERN
DISTEMPER

Sparks of glittering moonlight floated through the shimmering willow wands and melted into the whispering waters of Graystone Pool. It was night. Off near the shadowed shore a stately swan drifted. The long neck and studded head waved pointlessly in the lifeless air. Suddenly, on the farthest bank a muffled movement sounded through the underbrush. The long neck stiffened; the studded head strained. "Hell," swigged the swan, "what if I'm compromised."

The sound increased until the reeds parted and an exotic swan with large blue eyes swept out through the startled water and glided to the side of the discomfited drifter. "Why do you avoid me?" The voice was soft, the tone pleading, the question relevant. The questioner stared away from the questioner and muttered, "But your husband... what if?" But the blue eyes and soft voice were too intriguing. Two swans drifted off towards the welcoming willows.

Moments passed... more muffled movements in the underbrush... the reeds parted... a larger and statlier swan staggered into the pond followed by twelve off-spring. "Man is made to be loved," muttered the perplexed parent... and as an afterthought... "by his children."

He clutched her tightly about the waist, and blew smoke rings into the soft golden hair, turning it to leaden curls. His lips uttered meaningless syllables into a tiny ear, syllables which finally took form and strove to convey the

thought that he wanted and needed just one thing to make him happiest of men. He buried his head in her soft throat as the staggering syllables became somewhat organized and succeeded in conjuring up a misty image of a paradise filled with moonlit walks and love. "All I need," he murmured, but she finished the sentence for him as she broke away, kicked over the mop bucket, and slammed the door muttering, "is a new scrub woman."

SEA CRABS

Or Women of Lands End

No one will ever know how dark the night was. Not even the Mighty Gale who swept down the beach munching "journalismo nabisco." The tide was running high. The True Man was racing it up and down the beach. Silvanus the blond held the tape until she was distracted by a sight of The Wise Man chasing elusive seaweeds up and down big, large, sharp jagged rocks. The Wise Man surrounded a crippled young sea-weed and, drawing his lance, charged. A lion intervened. The lance wavered and fell. The Lion had won, the Wise Man fled. The True Man, the Steward and another nonentity followed. So did the Lion. The nonentity stumbled on the Steward and fell stark and stiff. The Steward fell stark. The True Man fell stiff. The Wise Man fell asleep. Silvanus, the Lion and the Griffin fell a-crying, and the chase fell through. The True Man turned to the Wise Man, "Ain't this life?"

Aw, heck, it's impossible for a sane person to imitate the lousy junk that masquerades as Trumanisms...

Vocal-Bust

By Dead Flies Man

This week Dr. Roberts chooses the word NERTZ—

Because it is so expressive, so replete with meaning and emotion. It's lousy with nuances. It comes from an old Mesopotamian root, the meaning of which no one knows. Unthinkingly it was used for

years until some challenging soul meditated, "What am I saying?" A voice from the gallery answered with vigor, "Ah Knerztzz!" Ever since that day nertz has been used to express the sentiment of knerztzz.

Next week Donald Pryor will explain the most prevalent uses of PROXY.



CHOCOLATES
and
CHOCOLATE
COATED
MINTS